by Trapping, and the Cause.

WILDFOWL AT CATAHOULA.

May Tire of Shooting.

Parish lies Catahoula Lake. It is really

an extension of Black River into a shallow,

marshy body, several miles wide and long.

Save where the river runs through its

centre, it is not deep and it is grown up with

vast quantity of weeds, reeds, lily-pads

thousands as well as cranes and herons.

kill a hundred a day regularly.

The market hur ters who live about there

use swivel guns when they think they will rot be found out, but they make no effort to dispose of the mest. They have no way of getting their game to New Orleans, the only market worth considering, so they shoot for the feathers.

The fowl life on Catahoula is so great that the closer is and the corrections.

that the clamor is audible some miles away, Visiting sportsmen slways know when they are approaching it by the incessor t squawk-ing of the ducks and horking of the geese. This noise is so great that it is a serious

MEN BEFORE MULES, SAID HE.

Senator Heather of Missouri Objects to a

Atlantic country.

pursued with profit.

Commissioners.

SPORT IN THE WOODS

MUSIC OF THE PURSUING PACK.

Deer Hounding as It Is Practised in Louisiana.

A First Experience of the Chorus of the Hounds-Great Shooting of Geese in California-Vast Numbers of Game Birds on a Secluded Louisiana Lake-Plune Hunters Busy on the South Atlantic and Gulf Coasts.

A small negro boy on a big yellow mule rode along the bank of Bayou Marie, stopped near the houseboat, held out a note and yelled "Hi" Two ropes tied to a rusty bit made his bridle and for a saddle he had a ragged blanket tied on with another

rope.

The Farmer leaped ashore and took the note. It proved to be an invitation from the Planter to come and shoot deer. "I know of two big bucks," it ran, "and I'm going after them to-morrow."

This was at noon of a February day. The house boat party put buckshot shells into their shooting coats, took along some No. 8 shells on the chance of running into a bevy or two of quail and set out for the Planter's. What with flushing a bevy and trying to find them egain without a dog, pursuir g a woodcock found on the bank of a ditch and twisting a rabbit with a switch from a hollow tree, it was quite dark when they came in sight of the lights of the bachelor Planter's house. He made them welcome, starting to mix toddies all around first then asking them to sit down and be at

When day was breaking the next morn ing they were waked by a horn blast loud, shrill, prolonged. It was followed by a chorus of deep baying, varied with higher pitched barks and whimpers.

Looking out of the window they saw the planter standing in the front yard, booted and spurred. To his lips he held a curved cow horn, beautifully polished and carved. It was slung over his shoulder by a buckskin thong.

His cheeks were puffed, his face was

red and about him leared and rolled a dozen hounds, long-eared, serious-eyed, powerful and gaunt. The dogs, already semi-crazed by the horn, placed their paws on his shoulders, tried to lick his face, then tore about the yard at full speed. Now and then a hig fellow braced himself, threw up his head and emitted a howl resonant and mellow as the strains of an organ.

The men were into their clothing and downstairs to breakfast in ten minutes. Then, just as the sun was reddening the tops of the avenue of oaks that ran a half mile from the house down to the "big road," the negroes brought the horses round.

These horses were all "Canadian ponies" under fi teen hands high, but short-coupled. strong, sure upon their feet and as active as cats-trained woods-horses they were, able to worm their way through vines, to go among the trees at top speed, to take huge fallen logs in their course as if they were toothpicks, knowing treacherous bogs by instinct, never stumbling, never falling, never tiring. The saddles were the ordinary Texas tree, with high pom-mels and cantles and broad stirrups. The bits were long-shanked with leather curbs, necessarily severe.

"Nobudy can ride the woods with a

said the Planter

The hounds ran in and out between the

jaws and from them came the roll of a bass so deep and round and musical that the visitors stopped in astonishment Sustained and thunderous, it beat about the loose windows in the big frame house trembled to the sound

In marked contrast to her companions was a small slender gyp, flea-bitten-that white, with small blue spots strewn thickly over her-a highly nervous hound. not still for an instant. Now she joined in with a tenor wonderfully high and clear with an undertone of plaintiveness.

" I run cats a good deal," said the Planter "This pack is good for either deer or cats. You don't have to switch them from a trail but once and they know what's wanted. When those two strike a trail and run it slong a log and get to singing it makes a man's heart turn to water."

They trailed off through the fields, the Planter in front, sometimes letting down and putting up bars without dismounting and the dogs trotted quietly on either side. They came to the rear fence of the plantation against which the woods grew close, a worm fence of rails ten high and staked and ridered. They threw down a panel, put it up again and plunged into the forest. They rode for a mile along a road cut for hauling wood, then turned to the right, and in another mile came to land which rose gradually. This land grew oaks, the trees and hickories and was firm under foot.
"When it rises thirty feet more," said

Another mile and the dogs were held in with difficulty. Already two or three of

with difficulty. Already two or three of them had attempted to stray away on old trails and had got the whip. The Planter stopped at the base of a knoll which rose ten feet 'com the surrounding zoil.

You'd better stop here," he said to the Engineer. "The runway is thirty yards to the left there. The your horse 200 yards away and don't stand behind a tree, but in front of it, with your back to it. You'll hear the dogs long before you see the deer."

Three hundred yards further on the Doctor was dropped; half a mile further and to the left they placed the Journalist. The Farmer said that he would take a stand sear him and the Planter went ahead with the dogs to drive. It was his purpose to

mear him and the Planter went ahead with the dogs to drive. It was his purpose to sircle until they struck a trail and then the pack would be trusted to jump the deer, the Planter riding with them and hoping to get a shot as the deer rose. Left alone the Engineer found the still-ness oppressive. He stood with his back jammed against an oak as rigid as a statue. Not a bird cheeped.

ness oppressive. He stock with a back as a statue. Not a bird cheeped.

His ears, sharpened by the strain, heard after awhile a faint scratching. He looked about him carefully, listened again and finally located it. A small tree-mouse was gnawing a bit of tender green that had budded from a sappling's base.

He could stand it no longer, so he shifted from one foot to another. Then he looked at his watch and found that an hour had passed. Gradually he became convinced that the Planter would find no deer, or if he did the deer would not pass that way.

"It's nonsense," he said. "The buck's got fifty millions of square miles over which

"It's nonsense," he said. "The buck's got fifty millions of square miles over which

to run; why should be come within thirty yards of me?"

Then it became quite evident that the expedition was a piece of foolishness, and he even had a suspicion that they were having sport with him and had placed him there to stay as long as he could, then go back to the house, where he would find them ready to laugh at him.

Just then he heard a rustling. Some heavy animal was approaching. He threw up his gun spasmodically and turned in the direction whence the sound came. The Doctor was within twenty feet of him.

"Whoa!" the Doctor said. "Don't let it go off. If you do, aim at me. I'd be safe then."

The Engineer lowered the gun and said in What do you mean by monkeying around in the woods? Expect to get any deer that way? Go back where you belong. Those bucks will be here directly."

bucks in the would. If there were they wouldn't come by my stand. There's a wouldn't come by my stand. There's a mud puddle on one side and a canebrake on the other. I'll stay with you.

Then from afar through the woods floated a single note, prolound and golden. It boomed through the thick trees like a mellow growl of thunds.

meilow growl of thunder.

The men straightened and hearkened.
Another came and another and another—
a succession of rich, solemn sound that
seemed to carry a challenge and a warning,
for there was death in it; the big dog had

for there was death in it; the big dog had opened on the trail.

Yet again the great throat sent out its cail, and then came a burst of glorious, inspiring, nerve-wracking meiody. The pack had opened. It was a good two miles distant, yet seemed close at hand.

All notes were in that choral joyousness, bass and barytone, soprano and tenor. The voices mingled and meited into one sometimes then set a lated and each was distinct. There hever was human chorus that sung so. Literaily the eaves rocked to it.

There was a wild glee in it and a hint of savagery, anger and longing, purpose and

nere was a wild gige in t and a mint of savagery, anger and longing, purpose and pleasure. Now and then a shrilyell came from the pack, high-flung and penetrating, as it every dog had spoken his just in the same key. Then the singing died away to little more than a murmur, as they put their noses nearer to the ground and laced. It was the E gineers first day with hounds, and he .e.t all of the intoxication of it. In those mu.titudinous voices he could hear the blare of bands and the swell

could hear the blare of bands and the swell of organs and the rapid commands of the bugle. He could understand then how men march gayly down to death with such music ringing in their ears.

Fainter the chorus grew until it bassed into nothingness. He looked at the Dictor, who said merely:

"They've run out of hearing. The deer at the property of the said merely:

"They've run out of hearing.

They we run out of his will turn soon, I guess."
Then, faint and far, they heard the reopening of the voices. Gradually the clamor increased until they could have

clamor increased until they could have sworn that not 500 yards separated them from the tearing pack. Then again it died and all was stilness.

"He's an in-and-outer, that deer," said the D.ctor. "He's running to all points of the compass to throw the dogs from the trail, but if he sticks to the high land they'll get him."

For half an hour not a sound disturbed them. Then they caught a wait of strange.

them. Then they caught a wait of strange music. They could not make it out at first, because distinctly it was not the pack first, because distinctly it was not the pack in full cry. It seemed rather to be a strain from some distant instrument, not unlike the moaning of an so ian harp in its me ody and yet lacking the solid ian stendiners. Then, as the music drew nearer rapidly, they could distinguish the two parts of it and knew what it was. The big dog and the flea-bitten gyp had distanced the pack and were running nose and nose and hard on the track of the driven deer, and they were singing the joy and eargemess.

and were running nose and nose and hard on the track of the driven deer, and they were singing the joy and eargerness in them from full throats.

High, like a bugle blown of a clear morning, rang the notes of the smaller hound and chiming in, round and true, drops of gold on the silver cloth of the day, rolled and swung the chanting bass. Both men stood with pale faces, for they seemed to know that the end was near.

With the rush of the down-swooping hawk, clearing a great prostrate oak like a bird in flight, a splendid buck burst from a tangle of vines and sped past them. His wide antiers were thrown back until the points hung below his shoulders, his nostrils were up, his eyes staring, his belly within a foot of the ground.

Every muscle was strained in his desperate flight and his leaps came with inconceivable swiftness. A good fifty yards of space was in his front and he flashed over it like a dun meteor. They could hear the soft thude of his hoofs which heat

over it like a dun meteor. They could hear the soft thuds of his hoofs which bear a rataplan upon the sod; they could mark even that his banner tall was not flaunting rump, certain sign of extremity of en

The hounds ran in and out between the horses' legs as if they were posts. These dogs were nearly all of deep black with tan markings on the breast and a round tan spot over each eye—"four-eyed dogs" they were called.

One of them, an immense animal with deep chest and ears eight inches long, gazed solemnly at the party as they came from the house, then opened the roll of the ward and lay with his short fat legs sticking lines.

in air.

The buck leaped twice, rising higher and The buck leaped twice, rising higher and higher, the second spring carrying him seven feet in the clear, then crashed down, landing on his shoulders, rolled end over end, kicked convulsively and was still. Eight low-mould buckshot had hit him just back of the foreleg and his heart was broken to bits.

Dropping his gun the Engineer ran toward him like a crazy man and stood over the body, exclaiming: "Glorious! Glorious!" The Doctor approached, rubbing his shoulder ruefully. His nose was bleeding slightly from the jar.

Yes, he said, "I flatter myself that it was rather a clever shot. You see I waited

was rather a clever shot. You see I waited on you so long through courtey that I had to down him then, or let him go.

This remark recalled the Engineer to earth. He looked from the deer to the Doctor and from the Doctor to the tree

where his unused gun was lying.
"How did I happen to miss him?" he *Easiest way in the world," the Doctor

replied, "you were too scared to shoot."
Didn't shoot?"

replied, "you were too scared to shoot."

"Didn't shoot?"

"No; didn't shoot."

The Engineer went to his gun, threw it open and looked at the cartridges. Language failed him. "You'll be better after a while," the Doctor remarked jovially. "Many tenderfeet act that way. When you get to be an old hand, like I am, killing a deer won't seem anything to you."

His eyes were gloating on his prey as he walked around it, viewing its size and beauty from all points. Now and then he clasped his hands ecstatically.

"You," said the Engineer with deliberation, "are the most complete, utter and irremediable idiot in forty States."

"So?" asked the Doctor. "Well, babble on, poor child. You cannot disturb a man of the forest."

The big dog and the gyp burst baying from the vines, ran at the deer and were kicked off. The gyp's tongue hung to her knees and she staggered. After them came the other dogs, a howling, yelling mob, and they were also kicked off. After them came the Planter, the Farmer and the Journalist riding hard.

"How did that deer stumble and break its neck?" the Farmer inquired.

The Engineer burbled, but the Doctor

its neck?" the Farmer inquired.

The Engineer burbled, but the Doctor disclaimed to answer. The Planter, saying no word, dismounted and imbrued his hands in the blood. Then he suddenly ameared the blood over the Doctor's face, into his over and mustake it is an element.

ameared the blood over the Doctor's face, into his eyes and mustache. It is an old Louisiana custom and an unpleasant one.

"Your first deer," he said in explanation.

"Well," said the Doctor, rubbing his face hard, "since you seem to know it all, it is. But I'd have died before I'd let the Engineer know it."

GEESE IN CALIFORNIA. Eighty-four Birds in a Marning the Record of Four Gunners.

In the latter part of January Byron E. Veatch of Chicago and three friends had a remarkable morning's shoot in California. The game was wild geese and the scene wheatfield in the grain-growing uplands. A tremendous stream of birds flows down west of the Rockies each fall from the breeding grounds in British Columbia

and Alaska. Whether more wild fewis go south to the west of the Rockies than to the east of them has long been a moot point with sportsmen. The geese had been coming into the wheatfields in myriads for some weeks when this hunt was under-

The party started for the field before daylight and got there just as day was breaking. Near the centre of the field, in two mounds which rose from the level, pits had been dug the year before These pits were each large enough to accommo date two men.

The shooters had with them silhouette decoys in plenty, and these were set out immediately being disposed about thirty yards from the pits and so soattered that they resembled a flock feeding Promptly as the sun came up the first geese appeared on the horizon and made for the centre of the field. As they came in they saw the decoys and headed for them

They came without a swerve and ther hovered above the silhouettes not more than twenty yards high and practically stationary There could not be easier shooting and the men all downed their

This flock was followed by another and another and in little whi'e the shooting was almost continuous. It slacked up then, as there were many dead geese on the ground and they acted as a deterrent They were set up on sticks, to act as decoys and the . the flig .. t was . c sumed.

During the brst hight some thirty geese were killed During the second flight the total was swelled to eighty-four. All of these birds were shot either while hovering above the decoys or while coming in slowly, nying low and evidently bent on pitching. There had been no recent shooting from the pits and the birds were not at an afraid Big as was the total made by the four

men it would have been even larger but for the fact that they had made a mistake in their shells. Instead of bringing plenty of cartridges loaded with No. 2 shot the of cartriages loaded with No. 2 shot they had brought a few No. 2's and a quantity of No. 8's. Each of them had only thirty shells loaded with No. 2's.

They used the heavier shot in their left barrels and nearly all of the geese were killed with the left barrel. They found that while the birds could be hit and hit hald with No. 2's at them thirty five to lead the short of the statement of the short of th

while the birds could be hit and hit haid with the No. 8's at from thirry-five to forty yards, it was useless to think of stopping them unless three or four of the pellets struck in the head.

Sometimes they were fortunate enough to make a shot of this kind, but not often, so they had to depend upon throwing it into them with the bigger shot, often at distances that made the shooting uncertain. They are sure that if they had been properly equipped with cartridges they could have equipped with cartridges they could have killed 150 geese instead of eighty-four. They might for that matter have killed 500 if they had cared to, for the geese were

there.
From early in the morning until quite 9 From early in the morning until quite 9 o'clock the birds were coming into the feeding grounds in vast honking phalanxes that hid the sky. They hovered high in clouds, or sailed low, and even while the bombardment from the pits was in progress hundreds of them settled on the open land about the edges of the field, refusing to be driven from breakfast by any amount of distant powder smoke.

The wheatlands of California are great goose pastures, anyhow, and there are

goose pastures, anyhow, and there are not many places along the Atlantic where such shooting can be had, though it may be obtained occasionally in the more thinly settled regions of the far southern Gulf

coast.

Nearly all of the geese killed by this party were of the black-necked, slaty Canadian variety, though the small wild geose, the black real wild geose. snow goose and the that part of the slope. e and the great honker all visit

PLUME HUNTING.

A Harvest for the Milliners New Being Reaped in the South.

At this season of year the plume hunter are reaping their harvest. They are the men who in all of the thousands of have inlets and bayous of the South Atlantic coast, on the marshy pends of the interior and in the great swampy districts shoot shore birds for their plumage only. It is an industry widely spread, in which

a good deal of capital is invested and a good deal of work done, and properly con-

weather, of course, except very cold weather. He must know what birds are most highly valued and where they are to be found, how they are to be approached and how their plumage is to be preserved after they are dead. There is nothing difficult about the work.

Probably there are more plume hunters n Florida than in any other State, though many of them operate along the Mississippi and Louisiana coasts, down the Atlantic edge of Georgia and in Texas and Arkansas.

They get all sorts of birds because of ate years plumes have become scarcer and milliners now use feathers they would have disdained formerly, but in the main they devote themselves to well-plumed shore birds, some of which are of extremely

beautiful hues.

Among the birds of Florida most steadily

Among the birds of Florida most steadily pursued are the herchs, black, white, blue and green. These are in this of thousands, and though they are shy they can be reached by a man who knows how.

Avocats, black and white, are slain in numbers, as is the whooping crane, a great stately bird whose body furnishes so many handsome feathers that it is a rich haul. Flamingoes of a light pink, those of so dark a pink as to be almost crimson.

so many handsome feathers that it is a rich haul. Flamingoes of a light pink, those of so dark a pink as to be aimost crimson and the pink and white and pink and blue varieties are eigrly soight.

The curiews, and pipers and other trotters along the sands are gathered in, and fishhawks and pelicans are knocked down at every opportunity. There is also relentless war against the many kinds of Southern gulls. In fact, pretty nearly all feathers are regarded as good things by the plume hunter except the buzzard's feathers or the feathers of the yellow-timed Mexican vulture.

The skins are rudely, but effectually preserved. They are taken off whole, with the wings left on, and after the fat is scraped from them they are rubbed with salt and powdered arsenic. No further attention is paid to them, except to pack them securely, and they reach New York in excellent condition.

With many of the smaller birds more care is taken, and the plume hunter in preserving them may even rise to taxidermy. It is often desired to save these skins with the heads on, so that the whole bird may adorn some woman's bonnet. The plume hunters do very well, some of them, and are patient about learning, because the better work of this sort is done the more money they will get for it when it reaches the wholesale feather houses in the more money they will get for it when it reaches the wholesale feather houses in

the North.

As a general thing plume hunters lead lonely and exposed lives, camping under ragged tents in swampy districts, doing their own cooking, standing or sneaking for hours in the mud and day and night unspeakably dirty. Some of them have boats and drift up and down the bayous, picking off a crane or avocat here and there, or they force their way through tangled swamps, where the vines swing tangled swamps, where the vines swing low to to the water, making for some hidden lagoon far in the forest, known to no man

lagoon far in the forest, known to no man save them.

Some of them have breechloaders, but not many of them, though the pump gun is finding its way among them rapidly. They use cheap, black powder and unchilled shot, but they kill all right, and as the cost of ammunition is much of an object with them, one will sometimes put in half a day trying to get a little nearer.

Occasionally a small-calibre rifle is found among them, and this is much the best weapon for their business, but commonly they stick to antique, muzzle-loading double-barrels, with waterproof caps. A plume hunter with ordinary luck will clear up several hundred dollars in a winter,

ments:

"To him that asks shall be given." Scriptural enough, but it don't say just because he asks that it be given.

I very much regret that I cannot join with my fellow members of this committee in their report made on the State Fair. They are here now asking \$150,000. I cannot recommend \$10,000 for a grand stand to be used two or three days each year, from which to see a horserace, and know that this amount would put steam heat in the living and sleepling recome of the blind boys and girls, who now sleep in rooms unheated, because the State has not the money to give it to them.

I cannot recommend \$5,000 for completion of racetrack and horse barn walks, when that amount would give the old Union soldiers at St. James an electric light plant, which is denied for the lack of funds.

I am proud of Misseuri and her wonderful resources. She is the greatest State west of the Father of Waters and destined to be greater. But I am for her men before her mules, her paupers before her poultry, her soldiers before her swine, her girls before her sourds and her honor before her horses. Respectfully submitted,

H. CLAY HEATHEE.

their time.

and through the summer he fishes, half for profit, half for amusement, or loafs through the warm spell. OF BOOKMAKERS.

FEWER PELTS FROM MAINE. SOMETHING ABOUT THEM IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS GONE BY. Decrease in the Quantity of Fure Obtained

"For nearly twenty winters past I have Walbaum Feeled by Teute-Virginia Carroll Nipped by a Farmer—Old Bur-ton's Opinion of Himself — Medern made fur-buying trips to Maine," said a buyer for a New York wholesale fur house, Layers Have Up-to-date Methods. and every trip makes the fact more ap-

"It seems to me," said a veteran turfman parent that the trapping grounds there the other day, "that there are not so many are growing smaller and smaller year by year. Besides the natural causes to which this is due, the trappers are now placed odd characters making book nowadays as in the days gone by. You never heard under such restrictions by the laws of the State that their field of work is limited, of such eccentric methods as those employed by old Burton, Virginia Carroll, even in the regions where it can alone be Marsh Redon and other layers who were in their prime twenty-five years ago. Even "When I began buying furs in Maine Fred Walbaum, one of the Guttenburg Big Four, does not furnish the material the trapper had a free field and a wide one on the public or wild lands of the State, or after-dinner stories as in the old days.

as well as on those belonging to individuals "Walbaum used to have great fun taking fall out of odds-on favorites and well Now he cannot legally set a trap, even for a supported second and third choices which he did not believe could win. In the day muskrat, on any of the State lands without obtaining a license from the Game of Guttenlurg he often stood to lose \$10,000 to a race. He took the money against the "He cannot trap on individual tracts of the wilderness unless he obtains the consent in writing of the owners, as the Commissioners will not give him a permit to trap without such written consent. As there are a great many private owners of land in Maine nowadays who will not allow trapping large areas of the best country. norses he did not fancy as though he was receiving money from home. Walbaum could not be convinced that he was in the wrong until he had actually seen the horses pass under the wire. Then he always hunted up the employee who had touted him wrong. "On one occasion Walbaum stood for tout from an outside source. A railbird told him with an air of supreme con-

land in Maine nowadays who will not allow trapping, large areas of the best country for the trapper are forbidden him.

The hunter cannot trap beaver at all unless he can obtain the written permission of the Commissioners in addition to his license, and I haven't heard of any instance for several years in which any such permission has been granted.

The headwaters of the Androscoggin, the Penobscot, the Kennelse, the St. John and the wild regions drained by their numerous tributaries are now, and have been fidence that a certain horse would win in a walk. Walbaum laid against every other horse in the race and was disgusted to see the supposed winner finish absolutely last As he turned back to the ring Walbaum

and the wild regions drained by their numerous tributaries are now, and have been for many seasons, the chief sources of supply for furs in Maine. When the trapping grounds were within reasonable distance of Lewiston, Bangor, Auburn and other centres of civilization, I travelled extensively through them, bargaining for furs at the camps and backwoods settlements of reconcepts our puch as "That tout said the horse would walk in and that's just what he did.' "Virginia Carroll is still making book

now and then, but he does not employ the old methods. He used to have great sport at the expense of the pikers. Sometimes ments, frequently purchasing as much as \$30,000 worth in a season. "For the past four or five years I have he was only too glad to accept two-dollar wagers, but on holidays he handled \$5 bets as the lowest the pikers could hand obtained my furs by previous arrange-ment with trappers for their season's work to him. He had a particularly tantalizing habit of lengthening the cdds of a natural the pelts being sent in to the various centres from the camps. Last winter I could obtain but \$15,000 worth of furs. I do not to 1 shot to perhaps 100 to 1 after he had accepted a \$5 wager. Then he looked at the expect to gather this winter a quantity even as large as that." bettor with an expression that seemed to say Where are your brains?' But one day I saw Carroll do this to his own dismay. Af armer wasked up to him and bet a couple of dol-A Secluded Louisiana Lake Where One lars on a 20 to 1 chance. Carroll quickly raised the price to 50 to 1, with a look of In Central Louisiana east of Rapidee contempt for the hayseed.

"I'll be gol darned if I don't take a little more o' that,' drawled the rube as he unhooked a huge roll of greenbacks and bet \$10 at the new price. Then the farmer wanted to bet \$25 more, but Carroll would not have it. The horse won, and the countryman had a grand laugh.

and duck grass and it is the winter home "Old Burton was a quiet fellow. He's of inconceivable numbers of wild owl been dead for some time. He made a Snipe are along its low banks, woodcock in specialty of laying top prices against the the woods about it and on its surface is every norses he considered had no chance. Once sort of duck which frequents the south in a while he laid against betting choices, There are plenty of wild geese, too, which and on such occasions he was generally feed upon nearby prairies in daytime and roost on it at night. Brant are there in supposed to 'know something.' After the hag fell, Old Burton would take a look. If horse against which he had laid a top price was in front he would score himself No railway runs near enough to Cataroundly. houla Lake to disturb its inhabitants and

" 'You old lobster,' he would say, 'what its rich stores of food will continue to make it an abiding place for fowls for many years do you know about horses anyway? You old villain, you thought you were doing some cheating, eh? You old rascal, you ought to be driving a truck.'

to come.

It is hunted only by camping parties who go to it from neighboring towns and by professionals who shoot for the money there is in it. There are not enough of these people to make an sensible impression upon the supply of game.

The shooting on Catahoula is generally as good as it was fifteen years ago, since it is far out of the beaten track of sportsmen. The men who go there make enormous bags. "He rarely saw the finish of a race. Only when he knew from the yells about him that some horse not represented on his sheet was not winning did he have the nerve to watch them pass under the wire. Then he could rub his hands together and say with a grin: 'Old boy, I almost lost confidence in

far out of the beaten track of sportsmen. The men who go there make enormous bags and this is true particularly of those who have taken the precaution to supply themselves with boats in which they may get out from the land.

Even without a boat steady killing is possible. It is a peculiarity of Catahoula that at frequent intervals along its shores long points of land run far out. They are not more than ten yards wide and their you, but you've got a pretty good eye yet. Now for another bunch of dead ones!" "Johnny Payne was another bookmaker whose hobby it was to take all the money offered on bad horses and make a tight not more than ten yards wide and their outer ends are covered with reeds which afford excellent cover. Most of the ducks learn to know these book on those he thought we contenders. Sometimes he would look over the entry list in a maiden race without

finding a single horse that appeared to outclass the others.
"None of them can win,' he would say. 'So make 'em any old price, but round up

Most of the ducks learn to know these points and to avoid them, but enough of them refuse to grow wise to make the shooting admirable. Squatting on the end of a point a man may mark a flight of mallards hurtling toward him from two miles down the lake and he will have ample time in which to calculate their height, the distance at which they will cross him and their speed. the book.'

"Ike Thompson used to cut up monkey shines in the old days. It was a great habit with him to tousle his hair, unloosen his collar and yell the odds to the crowd in such a way that many thought the veteran had had half a dozen different kinds of wine with his lunch. He would this is shooting that has many attractions This is shooting that has many attractions because under the conditions some remarkably lorg shots are possible and there is nothing which does a duck hunter's heart more good than to brirg his duck down apparently out of the sky. It is nothing out of the way for a fair shot to make a score of fifty ducks day in and out for a week on Catahoula, and there are men who will a hundred a day regularly. lay a top price against a favorite and take in a horde of gold, while the wise men looked on in wonderment. But Thompson seldom made mistakes, for he knew he was dealing

made mistakes, for he knew he was dealing with some easy marks.

"About the coldest proposition in the ring last year was Joe Ullman of Big Store fame. I watched him at Saratoga and at the local tracks when he was doing an enormous business, but I never saw him lose his nerve. He handled \$5,000 wagers as if they were nothing, and all the time he puffed away at cigarettes.

"Some of the biggest bookmakers lack nerve when it comes down to taking a

"Some of the biggest bookmakers lack nerve when it comes down to taking a good stiff wager on a long shot. I saw one of the most prominent members of the Metropolitan Turf Association last season offer 50 to 1 against Chicle and refuse a ten-dollar bet on the horse. But he kent the price on his slate just the same.

"Modern bookmakers have many new ideas. Most of them make a business of laying off their big wagers at a profit. It is often the case that layers depend upon this method for a greater part of their profits. If in the opening betting, for instance, a horse is quoted at 6 to 5 and a layer takes \$5,000 at these odds, when the price goes up to 7 to 5 he lays the bet off at the latter price in some of the neighboring books, getting a point the better of the odds for himself if the horse wins and losing nothing in case of defeat. The shrewdest layers, however, are on the watch for these things, and it takes a pretty clever guy to work the trick.

"Bookmakers, if they stuck to their end of the game, could not help making money, but they cannot keep from betting, and that This noise is so great that it is a serious irconvenierce urtil men get used to it. For three days after they leave the lake they can hear the cries of the birds sounding in their ears.

Crtahoula is a place where a man can shoot urtil the berrels burn him through the glove on his left hand, and then he can shove the muzzle irto the cold water and shoot again. It is a place where he can shoot urtil he becomes disgusted with shooting, and many sportsmen do get disgusted with it, going home days before their time.

Senator Heather of Missouri Objects to a State Fair Appropriation.

Macon, Mo., Feb. 13.—Great as is Missouri's glory as a mule market, one of her statesmen has seen fit to turn his back on this most conspicuous feature of State pride and proclaim his superior veneration for mere man.

Gov. Dockery appointed a committee some time ago to visit and examine the State institutions, and its report has just been issued. In its pages is this dissenting opinion over the State Fair appropriation, filed by H. Clay Heather, Senator from this district. The fair promoters want \$150,000. Mr. Heather offers these comments:

"To him that asks shall be given." Scriptural enough, but it don't say just because "On the contrary," was the reply "Indicate they stuck to their end of the game, could not help making money, but they cannot keep from betting, and that with information. They pay rail birds and touts for the latest tips and also buy all the tipsters' wires. They are in close touch with owners, jockeys and trainers, and always have all kinds of 'info.'

One or two of the best-known lavers are plungers at times, but they lose like any-body else. Last summer one of the big fellows was tipping winners in a daily news-paper and he had lots of stable information. One day he gave Brunswick as the winner of a race, and the St. Carlo gelding was 15 to 1 in the betting. When Brunswick as is to 1 in the betting, you must have killed that race."

"On the contrary," was the reply "Indicate they cannot keep from betting, and that the with information. They pay rail birds and touts for the latest tips and also buy all the tipsters' wires. They are surfcited with information. They pay rail birds and touts for the latest tips and also buy all the tipsters' wires. They are in close touch with owners, jockeys and trainers, and always have all kinds of 'info.'

"One or two of the best-known lavers are plungers at times, but they lose like any-body else. Last summer one of the big fellows was tipping winners in a daily news-body else. Last sum

race.'
"On the contrary,' was the reply, 'I lost \$2,500. which I bet on Musidora. I know I tipped Brunswick, but I couldn't see him at all.'

ROCKWORK FOR THE TANKS. Fishes to Be Seen at the Aquarium With a Nature Background.

It is intended to line most of the tanks in the New York Aquarium with natural rookwork, in place of the tiles and cement work now employed, and one tank thus made over was completed and brought into use last week. The purpose is to give the fishes on view

a more natural background, and the projections and recess in the faces of the walls of rock will be to the fishes more like what they might find in nature in the reefs at the bottom of the sea.

OUR CHESS CORNER. PROBLEM NO. 1181-ST R. WRINHRIMER, VIENNA. BLACE-SEVEN PIECE



K on Q: Q on Q R 4: R on K 4: Kt on Q K; 5; En K R 8: Ps on Q B 4, K Kt S and K R 5. WHITE-BIGHT PIECES. PROBLEM NO. 1182-BY B. BANGGER, CHARLOTTEN BURG, PRUSSIA, GERMANY.

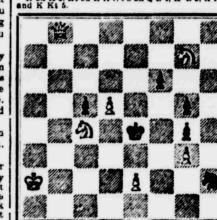
K on Q B 4: Kis on Q B 6 and K B; B on Q R Ps on Q Kt 2 and Q Kt 5.

ENDOAME STUDY-BY HENRY RINCE, BARCELONA

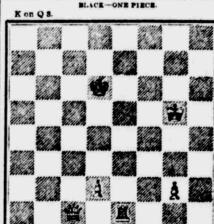
K on K: Q on K R 5; Kt on K R 8; Ps on Q Kt 3 A A A 4

Kon Q2; Ron QB7; Kton K4; Pson QR3, QKt 5 K3 and KB4. WHITE-BEVEN PIRCES.

K on K 5: Kt on K R 7: Ps on Q B 4, K B 3, K Kt 4 and K Kt 5.



WHITE-BEVEN PIECES. PROBLEM-BY DR. A. W. GALITZEY, NOLINGE, RUSSIA.



BOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 1179.

1. Kt—Q 5, K x Kt: 2. B—B 7, mate.

1. Kt—Q 5, R x R; 2. B—B 7, mate.

1. Kt—Q 5, R -Kt; 2. R—K 7, mate.

1. Kt—Q 5, R -Kt; 2. R—K 7, mate.

1. Kt—Q 5, B x B: 2. Kt—B 4, mate.

1. Kt—Q 5, B—R 3: 2. K x R, mate.

1. Kt—Q 5, P—Q 6: 2. R x R, mate.

1. Kt—Q 1, P—R 6: 2. R x R, mate.

1. Kt-Q 5, P-Q 6: 2. R x R, mate.

1. Kt-Q 1, P-R 6: 2. R x R, mate.

1. Kt-Q 1, P-R 6: 2. R x R, mate.

1. R-R 5ch, K-Kt: 2. R-Q B 6, P x R: 3. P-B 7

and draws.

Correct solutions received to problem No. 1178

from Medicus, Geneva, N. Y.: Samuei G, Livingsione, Matteawan, N. Y.: O. C. Pitkin, Syracuse, N. Y.: B. R. Simons, New York: H. W. Weatherby, Brooklyn: R. S. Swainfirds, New York: D. N. Smith, Brooklyn: Dr. A. H. Ba dwin, Norwalk, Conn.

Correct solutions received to problem No. 1. 75

from D. N. Smith, Brooklyn: L. H. Schreiber, New York: O. M. T., New York: R. S. Swainfirds, New York: O. M. T., New York: R. S. Swainfirds, New York: O. M. T., New York: R. S. Swainfirds, New York: O. C. Pitkin, Syracuse, N. Y., A. Mason, New York: Samuei G. Livingstone, Matteawan, N. Y.: Medicus, Geneva, N. Y.: Dr. A. H. Badwin, Norwalk, Conn.; B. B. Brown, Boston, Mass.; J. B. Brooklyn: Latter also solved 1172.

Correct solution of Borrow's end game study received from Medicus, Geneva, N. Y.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Two Amateurs—According to the position you forwarded to The Sun the black king is in cheef According to the rules black must move out of clack before white can move again.

Waiter Ball, Boston—I. B—B2, Kt—Q6;2. Kt—X2 mate. I. B—B2, Kt—R7; 2. Kt x Q, mate.

THE TIE CHAMPIONEHP MATCH.

Phillips beat Hanham in the second series of games to decide the championship of the Mannattan Chess Club and drew with Halpern, thereby winning the tie match. The final score reads: Phillips, 14; Hanham, 1; Halpern, 15. The scores of the two final games follow:

IRREGULAR OPENING Hasham, White. 16 Kt - B5 17 KaB 18 K - Kt 19 Q - Q3 20 K - Kt 21 Q - K3 22 Q x RP 22 Q x RP 23 Ha Kt 24 K - B 25 B - B4 20 P - K K4 27 K R - C 28 K - K Hannam, White.

1 P-K4
2 P-Q3
8 K1-Q3
4 P-Q13
5 P-Q13
7 Castles
8 Q-H2
0 K1-K13
11 P-KK13
12 K1-K2 Breck. BxPch Kt(B3)zKP BxKt Kt-R6ch Q-K3 QR-Q Kt/K5/-Kt4 H-K5ch Q-B4ch DxR -Q4 -Ri7ch -B6

LASKER AT BUST

PXP B-K2 Kt-K5 Castles KtxKP P-Q4 P-Q84 P-Ktt B-KKt5 Kt-Kt3 PaB PaP Rafen B BS R KB OPEZ.

Barry.

Watte.

20 Q-02

21 K1-Q5

22 K1-Q5

23 K1-B4

24 R-K1

25 R-B3

26 R-B4

26 R-B4

27 Q-B3

29 Q-K2

30 P-R3

31 B 2B

52 P-K R3

53 P-K R3

53 R-K17

44 Q-B2

35 K1-K16

56 RRXRP

37 Resigns. OPRE. Black. Kt-KD P-B4 P-QR4 P-R5 R-K1 20 BER 21 R-Q 22 Kt-K2 23 Kt-B8 24 Kt-Q5 25 R-Q2 27 Kt-B3 28 R-Q2 29 P-QKt3 30 PAP 31 R-Q2 32 R-K12 35 R-K17 34 Kt-Q5 35 R-K17 34 Kt-Q5 35 R-K12 37 Realgns. R-K B-B3 KtzBP R-R Kt Q5 BzP - B4 R - K2 - R3 1 - R3 1 - K5 - B2 PAR QR-KB Q-Kt2 FPAKt Kt-K3 30 KxR 81 P-B4 32 PxP 33 K-R2 34 P-K14 Q2 -KKt

White. 1 P-K4 2 Kt-QB3 3 P-B4 4 Kt-B3 5 P-Q3 6 K-K2 7 B1P 8 P-KR3 9 P1B Following is the score of another game by Dadian:

Prince Dadian. Amateur.
White. Black.
1 P-K4 P-K4
2 P-KB4 P-R
3 K1-KB3 P-KK14
4 B-B4 P-K15
5 Castles PaK1
6 P-Q4 PAP
7 BaPch KaB Pollowing is a game played by Pillisbury of his simultaneous exhibitions at Macrow the amateur, Dr. Scholz, who declined to a gambit and had the satisfaction of beat American champion. The game:

Pillsbury. Dr. Schols. | Pillsbury. Pilisbury. Dr. Schol
White.
15 B-Q3
16 KR-K
17 P-K13
18 K14
19 K-K12
20 P-K13
21 B-15
21 B-15
21 B-15
22 B1K1
22 R-K12
24 Q-K
25 Q-K
25 Q-R
26 Q-K
26 Q-K
27 KR-K
28 KR-K
28 KR-K
28 KR-K
28 KR-K
39 KB-A
30 KB-A
31 KB-A
32 KR-K
34 Q-K
35 KB-A
36 KR-K
36 KB-A
37 KB-A
38 KR-K
38 KB-A
38 KR-K
38 KB-A
38 KB Pillsbury. Dr. Schola.

White.
1 P-K4
2 P-K4
3 K1-K4
2 P-K84
8 K1-K83
4 PAP
6 K1XB
6 K1XB
7 K-K2
9 K1-K3

ments. Talk being cheap, it is easy for the authors of these statements to claim that they are able to cure Various the statements to the many possible that they have been successful to the statement to the claim that they have been successful to the many possible that they have been successful to the ment of the many possible that sufferers from this class of disorders have no faith in the Medical Profession. If these self-styled specialists should be asked to furnish the name and address of one living reputable man whom they have cured it would be found that they could not substantiate their claims. That these diseases can be permanently cured there is not the shadow of a doubt, but we would strongly advise that all sufferers investigate the records of the physicians with whom they intrust their cases. If the physician can refer to men of high standing whom he has cured of the same or similar troubles, it is prima facele evidence of his ability. If uch proofs cannot be furnished, it is only reasonable to conclude that they do not easist. While we do not wish to make it appear that we are prejucted in favor of any one physician, we have no hesitancy whatever in calling attention to the fact that Dr. John F. Frase. No. 24 West 34th 8t., New York city, furnishes absolute proof in the form of testimony of cured patients that he can radically and permanently cure by his painless and bloodless method which causes no interference with the patient's ordinary pursuits. Varicoccie, Hydroccie Stricture, Enlargement of the Pristate Gland and all urinary and kidney disorders. In a new book which the Doctor has just published he explains fully his method of curing these troubles, and also gives a full description of the latest and most advanced methods of administering the Serum of Life Treatment for contagious blood poisoning. Erretofore considered an incurable maid of the Pristate Gland and will be giad to mail a copy of his book to any one who may be in need of his services. Dr. Fraser's address is No. 249 West 34th st.



